

The Janesville Daily Gazette.

VOLUME 26

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JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1882.

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, at \$7 a year.

NUMBER 122

Republican Congressional District Convention.

FIRST DISTRICT.
A Republican Convention of the First Congressional District of the State of Wisconsin, composed of the counties of Kenosha, Racine, Walworth, Rock and Jefferson, is hereby called to meet at the village of Geneva, in Walworth county, on the 18th day of August, 1882, at 12 o'clock noon of that day, to nominate a candidate for Congress for the District for the next ensuing two years. Each Senate and Assembly District will be entitled to two delegates in the convention.

JOHN H. BENNETT,
D. B. BARNES,
E. ENOS,
T. G. FISH,
H. S. THORP,
Committee.

Dated July 12th, 1882.

Republican Senatorial Convention.

A Republican Senatorial Convention of the Seventeenth Senatorial District, comprising the county of Rock, is hereby called to meet at the Court House, in the city of Janesville, on the 14th day of August, A. D. 1882, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, to select two Senatorial Delegates to represent the district in the Republican Congressional Convention for the First Congressional District of Wisconsin, to be held at the village of Geneva, Walworth county, on the 18th of August, 1882, and to transact any other business that may be deemed appropriate. Each of the towns and wards will be entitled to the same number of delegates as in the County Convention.

JOHN H. BENNETT,
S. T. MERRILL,
I. M. BENNETT,
S. S. NORTROP,
WM. H. THOMP,
Committee.

Assembly Conventions.

FIRST DISTRICT.
A Republican Convention for the First Assembly District of Rock County, will be held at Rockville, Saturday, August 12th, 1882, at 11 o'clock a. m., to choose delegates to attend the Congressional convention to be held at Geneva, August 18th.

I. A. HOBBS,
H. F. ROBERT,
SETH FISHER,
Committee.

Evansville, July 24, 1882.

THIRD DISTRICT.

A Republican Convention of the Third Assembly District, Rock County, is hereby called to meet at the Court House, in the city of Janesville, on Monday, August 14th, at 2 o'clock p. m., to choose two delegates to represent the district in the Congressional convention to be held at Geneva, August 18th, to nominate a candidate for Congress.—Dated July 25th, 1882.

P. A. AMES,
S. C. CALH,
JAS. MADSEN, Jr.,
Committee.

Congress appropriated about seventy million dollars more this year more than it did last.

Those who voted against the River and Harbor bill can now cordially shake hands with those who voted against the salary-grab bill.

When William T. Price accepted the nomination for Congress in the Eighth district, he gave Congress a rebuke by making a vigorous speech against reckless and extravagant expenditures.

The Tariff Commission is getting along nicely at Long Branch. The hotel accommodations are good, the society the best, the breezes cool (sometimes), the sports fascinating, and each member gets \$10 a day and expenses.

The Hon. Artemus Hale died at his home in Brockton, Massachusetts, on Friday, at the age of 99 years, having only two months. Thirty-five years ago he was a member of Congress and served two years. He was the oldest ex-Member of Congress in the United States.

Lewis Sisley, of Grant county, who was arrested on the charge of murdering his wife, the second night after they were married last June, has been held for trial after examination which lasted one month. He claimed that his wife got out of bed without his knowledge, and went into the woods about a hundred yards distant, and shot herself. But she was found lying straight upon her back, with her arms lying across her breast, and four bullet holes in her body. This created suspicion, and the husband was arrested three or four days afterwards, and after a most thorough examination, the general opinion is that he murdered her. Only a day or two after the murder, and before Sisley was arrested, the murdered woman's father said he received a communication from the spirit world telling him that his daughter had been murdered by her husband. The evidence against Sisley is so circumstantial that the jury may not convict him. It is nevertheless the current opinion that he is guilty.

The venerable Rev. Alfred Brunson, D. D., died at Prairie du Chien, on Wednesday, at the age of 89. In some respects he was one of the most remarkable men in the West. He was born in Connecticut in 1793, and settled in Prairie du Chien in 1836, where his family has since resided. He was the first Methodist minister who ever stepped foot on the soil of the Wisconsin river. When he came West he found it impossible to rent a house in which to live, and he ordered one framed in Meville, Pennsylvania, where he had been living, and putting the framed material in sort of a flat boat, with two families beside his own, he started for Prairie du Chien. The boat was towed by different steamers until he reached his destination, having traveled by water 1,500 miles. He began preaching several years before he came to Wisconsin, and continued in that work for nearly sixty years. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1840, and filled several political offices since that time. He had not done much ministerial work during the past half dozen years or more on account of old age and ill-health. He was a very strong speaker, though not eloquent, and up to the very last preached the old-fashioned doctrines which the

more modern pulp of his own church has practically discarded. He was a vigorous writer on some questions connected with political economy, and for some time after he passed his four score years, he wrote several long and valuable articles for the State Journal on the money question. His life was an exceedingly busy one, and exceptionally pure, and in it were thousands of the hardships incident to an active pioneer life. He was buried by the Masonic fraternity, of which he had been an honored member for nearly half a century.

NEWS FROM THE WIRES

Reports from the Harvest Fields in Wisconsin.

The Crop is Being Generally Gathered in Good Condition.

The Barley Crop Alone Being Slightly Damaged by Discoloring.

A Waterspout Causes Considerable Damage in Ohio.

Six Men Killed and Fifteen Wounded by a Wrecked Train at Oil City.

Four Persons Drowned by the Capsizing of a Boat at Chicago.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.

THE CROPS.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 4.—The continued damp and cloudy weather of the past week, which has been general throughout the Northwest, has given rise to the widest reports concerning the amount of damage done. Reports from the most reliable sources, however, reported to the Chamber of Commerce here are that up to the present time the damage actually done amounts to the serious discoloring of the barley crop, which had promised so well in quality and yield, and to a large amount of uncut grain being more or less badly laid. The winter wheat crop is beyond the reach of weather except in the most northerly sections, including Michigan, where they are yet in the midst of harvest. Apart from the weather contingencies yet to be met by spring wheat, there has recently been an increase in local complaints of an unhealthy appearance from rust and other causes. While these reports are not widespread enough to appear very serious, they are sufficient to detract somewhat from the promising outlook generally admitted a few weeks ago.

WATERSPOUT.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Aug. 4.—Corning. Perry County, was overwhelmed by a waterspout yesterday. Business and dwelling houses were swept away. People were rescued with great difficulty. Miles of railroad track were washed away; loaded coal cars were carried off on the flood, and the wires prostrated. The loss to the citizens is \$100,000; to the Ohio Central Railroad, \$200,000.

DETROIT, Aug. 4.—Heavy rains have fallen in great parts of this State during the present week. The result has been floods carrying away bridges, dams, overflowing low land, and damaging if not destroying such wheat as had been allowed to stand in shock in fields, and of this there is considerable. Muggy weather is adding to this injury greatly. Floods last night between Iowa and Grand Rapids are reported to have done \$50,000 damage.

A SHIP MYSTERY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 4.—The British ship Abbie S. Hart, which arrived yesterday from Liverpool, reports that June 27, in 10-30 degrees north 112 west she passed the hull of a vessel bottom up. The copper looked like American work. Five hours after, another vessel apparently about 1,400 tons, was sighted, also the keel up.

WRECKED TRAIN.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 4.—A terrible accident occurred to-day at noon at Cranberry Creek railway, near Oil City. A large train of freight cars was coming from the mines, and in descending a decline leading to the depot the brakeman lost control of the train, which dashed along at a terrific rate and jumped the track, killing six men and wounding 27 others. The unfortunate men are out of the mining classes.

Never! What, Never! No! Never!!

There never has been a scheme presented in any part of the World, where the system of public or government lotteries has been, or is now legalized and protected, so liberal in all its features towards the public, as that recently adopted by The Louisiana State Lottery Company, in its Regular Monthly Distributions, under the sole care and management of Gen'l G. T. Debargeard, of La., and J. A. Early, of Va., on the 2nd Tuesday of each month, all information of which can be had on application to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La. For \$5 a holder of a successful ticket may get \$75,000 or \$25,000, etc. Liberality seems here to render the charity of giving (as the Company pays the Charity Hospital \$1,000 for its franchise) a luxury, open gratuitously to even the most selfish. The next drawing occurs on Tuesday, August 8, and early callers will be paid soon.

IT'S EVERY ONE'S DUTY.—To improve the opportunities presented for health, cheerfulness, and comfort. See to it that Zopher is used in your family for Dyspepsia and Biliousness. It is guaranteed to remove them. Sold by Prentice & Evenson.

NEARLY A HUNDRED.

BROOKTON, Mass., Aug. 4.—Artemus Hale, the oldest ex-member of Congress, died last night, aged 98. He was born in Hinchelwood, Worcester County, Mass., Dec. 20, 1783. He received the ordinary common school education, and until his 21st year pursued the calling of a farmer. He then became a teacher in Hingham, and in his spare time applied himself sedulously to the work of cultivating his faculties and acquiring the knowledge which enabled him afterward to become a successful man. After ten years spent as a teacher he became a representative in the Legislature, and in 1833 and 1834 a state senator. In 1835 he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and from 1845 to 1849 a representative in Congress from Massachusetts. In 1861 he was a presidential elector.

KENOSHA, Aug. 4.—Mr. R. P. Marr, one of the oldest residents of this city, died about 9 o'clock this morning, while sitting in his carriage superintending some work on his farm three miles west of the city. The cause of his death was heart disease. He was 78 years of age, 40 of which have been spent in this county. He leaves a wife and son, George Marr.

"Became Sound and Well."

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: Dear Sir.—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and has tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good.

Yours truly, THOMAS J. MERRITT,
Hatchers Station, Cal.

Incredible.

F. A. SCRATCH, druggist, Rathven, Ont., writes: "I have the greatest confidence in your BUCKEY BLOOD PURIFIER. In one case in which I am personally acquainted their success was almost incredible. One lady told me that half a bottle did her more good than hundreds of dollars' worth of medicine she has previously taken." Price \$1.00.

For sale by Palmer & Stevens and Sherer & Co.

FOUR PEOPLE PERISH.

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—Mrs. Minnie Ford, John Sherer, William Kortien and Martin Johnson were drowned this afternoon in the canal connecting Lake Michigan with the Lake in South Park by the capsizing of the row-boat in which they were enjoying a ride. They were a portion of the employees of the Clinton Wire Cloth Company of this city, and had been a picnicking during the day at the park lake. In the afternoon eleven boats were filled with picnickers, and they began to explore the winding lake. The capsized boat contained, in addition to those drowned, Mrs. Amelia Johnson, wife of William Johnson. This party rowed out into the middle of the canal, where the water is about eight feet deep and is frequently quite choppy on account of the proximity of the lake. While in the canal Mrs. Johnson and one of the men tried to change places in the boat and it careened. Although everything was done by those at hand to rescue the drowning people the only person saved was Mrs. Johnson, who was kept afloat by her husband until an oar was reached to her by a man of the name of Conroy. The bodies of the others were not all recovered for more than half an hour after the capsizing.

ITS CERTAINLY.—To cure Dyspepsia and Biliousness is not speculation, but is proved with letter from persons of high respectability constantly coming in. Zopher is an absolute cure. Sold by Prentice & Evenson.

THE HOWE SCALDS have all the latest improvements. It is true economy to buy the best. Borton, Selek & Co., Agents, Chicago.

ADJOURNMENT.

Attitude of the Two Parties.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—It is generally believed that there is really no question about adjournment next Monday. Some of the Republican senators are in favor of passing the tax bill if it takes all summer. The Democrats have demonstrated that their protestations of willingness to make the tax reductions is of a piece with Turkish diplomacy, and that their real intention is not to allow any bill to pass this session. This being clearly shown, it is considered folly by the majority in the Senate to stay, because the minority in the Senate can obstruct the debate forever. This was demonstrated pretty thoroughly in the dead lock last year. Under the Senate rules five Senators can prevent a vote forever if they so desire, and they desire it now.

No Trouble to Swallow.

Dr. Pierce's "Pelle's" (the original "Little Liver Pills") and no pain or griping. Cures sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanses the system and the bowels. 25 cents a vial.

The Ellixir of Life.

"That purely vegetable compound, BUCKEY BLOOD PURIFIER, may be justly termed the *Elixir of Life*. A pleasant and effective medicine; it imparts strength and vitality to the entire system. Price \$1.00.

Sold by Palmer & Stevens and F. Sherer & Co.

The Weather.

REPORTED BY PRENTICE & EVENSON, DRUGGISTS.
The thermometer at 7 a. m. to-day registered 70 degrees above zero, and at 1 p. m. 80 degrees above. For the corresponding periods last year, it was 75 and 84 degrees above.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5, 1 a. m.—The following are the indications for to-day: Upper Lake Region—Partly cloudy weather, local rains, northeast to southwest winds, slight changes in temperature, followed in the western portion by stationary or falling barometer.

MARY—who had that little lamb
Had "Tedis" as white as snow:
She always brushed them twice a day
With "Tedis" you know.
Sold by Prentice & Evenson.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

The Professor has made a success in Australia.

San Clair, Wis., is to have a new opera house.

Nearly 60,000 Bostonians have viewed the mimic burning of Chicago at Oakland Garden, there. Now it should be the consuming abolition of some Chicago rangers to reproduce the little Boston bonfire for the edification of the denizens of the city by the lake.

The Holman English Opera company will open its season in Canada the latter part of August. They will carry thirty-two people, with an orchestra of seven pieces. The company has been considerably strengthened since last year.

Fred Vokes, informs a reporter that the whimsical life of the troupe, the fair Russian, will positively join the company this season, and assume her original roles. How soon the novelty of matrimony wears away—particularly with professionals! The old axiom, "Once on the stage, always on the stage," seems to hold good in this case.

Mr. Mapleson's opera season will begin at the New York Academy of Music on October 10th. Patti will be the prima donna of the party and will sing on two evenings of each week. New costumes are now being prepared in Paris for the operas in which Patti is to sing. The price of single seats will be \$7 or \$8.

Tony Danier, on closing his season, at Joliet, Illinois, presented each of his company with what is called a "sunset medalion." On the medalion were inscribed the monogram "T. D." with other embellishments in token of the manager's appreciation.

They were slowly wending their way to the circus when he said: "We must hurry or the show will commence." "Let men commence," was the reply, "By what right do you apply the feminine gender to the circus?" inquired the youth, with an anxious voice. "Because it takes so many men to run it," said the lady. That settled it.—*Dokeman.*

Says the New York Mercury: Already nearly \$40,000 has been promised by subscribers to the Fifth season at the Academy of Music. Mr. Arnet, Colonel Mapleson's representative, is hard at work selling boxes and seats and expects to have them nearly all sold before the company arrives from England. The Academy is being overhauled and will have a new drop curtain, proscenium borders and new costumes. The interior ornaments will also be regilded.

While the Madras River-King Concert party were doing the Northwest, some of the party were at the Academy of Music, W. T., where the business was very large, the ticket-seller was asked by a noble looking specimen of Territorial citizenship, "How much to go into the show?" "One dollar and a half," was the reply. "Gosh!" said the W. T., handing in the coin, "I must be something good for that price. More'n one banjo player?" The ticket-seller shuffled his sheet of admission cards, and smiled gently.

Harry Webber, the well-known and popular comedian, has purchased the sole American and Canadian right to perform a comedy, entitled "Flint and Steel." Matrimonial Agents, which has achieved immense success through England, Ireland and Scotland, for the past sixteen months, which it is still being played by Mr. Fred J. Stinson, the well-known English comedian, who is foreign owner of the play.

Good luck attends on Bertha Welby, she has never missed a train and has only missed her breakfast once in her tour the past season. She was undoubtedly the Masette of the Only a Farmer's Daughter Co.—Never a rainy night in eight months—only a rainy night in eight months, and that once, a banjo player was carried by the company, and that was used as a "prop," to shield the Farmer's Daughter from the burning rays of the sun in the hayfield as she sang Cherie Rips. Miss Welby will publish a volume of anecdotes of the trip.

Sunday Subjects.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Northwest corner of Jackson and Dodge streets, Rev. D. C. HODGE, D. D., pastor. Residence, 35 Washington St. Public worship Sabbath morning and evening. Hymns sung at 12 m. Young people's meeting on Sunday evening. Preaching on Tuesday evening. General prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Grand hours.

Preaching morning and evening by the pastor.

Y. M. C. A.—Regular Sabbath afternoon meeting at 3:30 o'clock, in the Baptist church. All are welcome.

Meeting of the Y. M. C. A. in the social rooms of the Congregational church, at 3:30 o'clock.

TRINITY CHURCH.—Corner of Jackson and Center streets. Rev. D. J. HOLMES, Pastor. Residence, Corner Center and Jackson streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Praying meetings Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Rev. Prof. Hall, of Racine College, will officiate at Trinity church, to-morrow, at morning and evening services. Communion at 8 a. m., as on other Sundays.

First M. E. Church.—Corner of Jackson and Center streets. Rev. D. J. HOLMES, Pastor. Residence, Corner Center and Jackson streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Praying meetings Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

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CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, August 5.—11 a. m.

REPORTED FOR THE GAZETTE BY A. L. BROWN, REPRESENTING A. M. WRIGHT & CO., OF CHICAGO, OFFICE, ELDER'S BLOCK.

ARTICLES.	OPENING.	CLOSING.
No. 2 Reg. White —		
August.	90 1/2	\$1.01 1/4
September.	90 1/2	90 1/2
October.	90	90 1/2
November.		
December.	90 1/2	90 1/2
Year.		
Ons.	70 1/2	70 1/2
August.	70 1/2	70 1/2
September.	70 1/2	70 1/2
October.	70 1/2	70 1/2
November.	70 1/2	70 1/2
December.	70 1/2	70 1/2
Year.	65 1/2	65 1/2
Ons.		
August.	47 1/2	47 1/2
September.	47 1/2	47 1/2
October.	47 1/2	47 1/2
November.	47 1/2	47 1/2
December.	47 1/2	47 1/2
Year.	39 1/2	39 1/2
Ons.	25 1/2	25 1/2
August.		
September.		67
October.		66
November.		
December.		60 1/2
Year.		
Ons.		
August.	\$20.47 1/2	\$20.60
September.	\$20.47 1/2	\$20.75
October.	\$20.57 1/2	\$20.82 1/2

The circulation of the Gazette is larger than the combined circulation of any five newspapers in Rock county.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

"If one find a four-leaf clover"
(She said, sitting on the grass)
"To one who wishes to be rich"
And that wish shall come to pass."

"Do you say so?" Then, down kneeling
"Among the sorrel and clover grass,
Looked I for a four-leaf clover
And my wish to come to pass."

Long I searched among the sorrel,
Close beside me she searched too;
Now and then some commonplaces
Broke the silence—but it grew.

For my heart was full of yearning,
And my mouth of eager words;
But I dared not give them utterance—
So I hearkened to the birds:

And kept looking, looking, looking,
While beside me she looked, too;
To the west where the sun had set,
Green hills lying in blue.

"Hail! I have one!" "Yes, and wished for?"
"You and shall it be?" I cried.
"Yes, and shall it be?" I cried.
"Hail the clover, and the wish, but,
—Thoughtful's—'Nightingale and Other Poems.'"

MR. PIPER'S PROPOSAL.

"I'll ask her to marry me this very day. To be sure she's young, but it will renew my youth to have her for a wife. I must first speak to her aunt and get her consent. Uncommon fine cousin is Miss Marcia. More suited to my age, I dare say, than her pretty niece; but Mollie I love, and Mollie I will marry, if she will have me. Strange that I should be such a fool over a girl at my age! Here I have lived single for fifty years, and have looked forward to spending the rest of my life in the same peaceful manner; but as soon as I saw Mollie I forgot all about that. I declare I fell in love with her on the spot! I'm an old fool, but, as I said before, I'll marry her if she will have me."

This conclusion was reached by Mr. Theodore Piper after many hours of anxious thought, during which he had viewed the subject from every standpoint, carefully reasoning away all doubts; for, in spite of the fact that for the first time in his life he was in love, he was not so blind that he could not dimly perceive the folly of his intentions. He had lived a bachelor all his life, feeling no desire to change his condition, when fate, in the person of Miss Mollie Danvers, upset all his placid serenity, scattered to the winds his visions of a peaceful future of single blessedness, and created within him a desire to possess her for a wife.

Mollie Danvers was the orphan niece of Miss Marcia Parmelee, who lived in a charming cottage on one of the pleasant streets of the city of Cherrifield. Upon the death of her widowed sister, fourteen years before her story opens, she took her doubly-orphaned daughter, then a child of four years, to her heart and home. She never regretted her kindness, for with the coming of the bright little fairy to her quiet home came also a great source of pleasure into her lonely life, and she often found herself wondering why she should have without a child, when that child was at last found to be a cheerful child, who was at once the pride and torment of her existence.

This life flowed on, calmly and uneventfully, for ten years, till Mollie was fourteen, and Miss Marcia decided that she must go away to school, and receive the advantages of a better education than the village academy afforded; and she was forthwith sent to Miss Blank's school, situated in a distant city, to go through four years' course. During that last year of her absence at the school the population of Cherrifield was increased by the arrival of Mr. Theodore Piper, who purchased a handsome residence next door to Miss Parmelee's pretty cottage, and settled down with two or three staid old servants to keep his household affairs in running order. Great was the excitement of the old maid element of the village. Miss Marcia, excepted—over the coming of so many were the efforts put forth to attract the attention of the wealthy bachelor, who, however, while polite to all, sedulously refrained from asking any of the anxious fair ones to share his lot.

He lived a very quiet life, avoiding society, as he was very bashful, and it was some time before he overcame his aversion to female society, finally to be neighborly with Miss Marcia. At first, after a while, that she had no designs upon him, and not being so much afraid of the kind-hearted, but somewhat prim, old maid as of the rest of the Cherrifield spinsters, he gradually became quite sociable, and often used to send her fine fruits and vegetables from his own garden. Miss Marcia thought him "a right nice man," and often begged out of her primness as they talked to her neighborly fashion over the garden fence, that separated the respective domains, telling him of Mollie, and how proud she was of her.

Thus things went on until the last year of Mollie's stay at school drew to a close. One morning in June, Mr. Piper crossed his garden and presented himself at Miss Parmelee's side door with a basket of very fine strawberries. It was opened by the usually serene spinster herself, to all appearances in a state of great excitement, while from the glimpse he obtained of the interior of the cottage he concluded that a revolution of some sort was going on. After receiving the berries and thanking him for them, she said:

"My niece is coming home on Saturday. I have not seen her since her last vacation, a year ago. She has finished school now, and is coming home for good. The house is all upset, but do come in, won't you?"

Instantly declining her invitation, Mr. Piper wended his way toward his domicile in no pleasant mood at the prospect of an addition to his neighbor's small family.

"O, dear!" he groaned. "To-day is Thursday, and she's coming on Saturday. Only one more day of peace and quietness on my side—a day's delay, and I shall have a little young thing, who will make me a neighbor with her tantrums. Just as I had got settled and was living quietly, to be troubled so—it is really too bad!"

Thus with great apprehension and many misgivings on his part, and much scrubbing, dusting and miring by Miss Marcia, Friday and Saturday passed, and just as the cool summer dusk was falling, Mollie came.

When she came into the pretty parlor, her aunt still and looked at her. Such a change! The girl who had had made! Such a very pretty Mollie, blue-eyed and dimple-cheeked, with mischief in every flash of the bright eyes, and in every curve of the pretty mouth.

"Well, auntie, what do you think of me? Have I not grown, and am I not a very charming young lady?" said Mollie, with a merry laugh, as she tossed her hat in one direction, gloves and parasol in another, and without waiting for a reply to her question, proceeded

to inform her aunt that she was desperately hungry.

This awoke Miss Marcia's hospitality, and bustling around, she soon had Mollie seated at the well-spread table, to which she had brought a variety of delicacies, while her aunt, with unusual civility, proceeded to enlighten her in regard to Cherrifield affairs, not forgetting to mention Mr. Piper, and say "such a nice man, dear! only very bashful; I know you will like him."

After the repast was finished Mollie bade her aunt good-night and retired, to close her blue eyes in slumber and dream of handsome Jack Morris, to whom she was engaged.

Jack Morris was the only son of Judge Morris, one of Cherrifield's wealthiest and most influential citizens, and he and Mollie had been friends and playmates in childhood. The year before Mollie went away to school Jack was sent to a distant city to study law, and they did not meet again for four years, when, his studies over, Jack came home to spend a few weeks before beginning life as a lawyer. Mollie was home on her annual vacation at the time, and they met, fell in love, and became engaged with the full consent and approval of the elders. They were to be married as soon as Jack was well established in business, but no one outside of the two families was aware of the existing engagement.

Sunday morning broke, clear and lovely, and Mr. Piper cautiously unlocked his blinds and took a survey of his neighbor's premises. Everything was quiet as usual, save the call to himself. "Guess the young lady is not up yet, or perhaps, it being Sunday, she will be quiet. Time enough for her racket yet."

As he finished speaking a female form appeared at the door, and fair Miss Mollie stepped out upon the lawn, making a charming picture as she stood, shutting her eyes with one hand from the sun, and drinking in the beauty of the summer morning. Mr. Piper stood spell-bound before such loveliness. As he gazed, his previously formed prejudice against his fair neighbor vanished, and he was only recalled to himself by the appearance of Miss Marcia calling her niece to breakfast.

From that time Mr. Piper knew no rest until he had called and been introduced to Mollie. He called frequently after that, and the neighbors began to wonder at the change in Mr. Piper. After two or three visits Mollie saw how the land lay, and resolved upon some fun to while away the tedious weeks until Jack should come to turn Cherrifield into an earthly paradise.

Although as desperately in love as old bachelors are apt to be when they finally do succumb to the charms of some fair one, Mr. Piper was so bashful that he hardly looked at Mollie, but spent his time during his frequent calls in conversing with her aunt. This just suited Mollie, and the mischievous girl set about deluding her aunt into the belief that Mr. Piper was "courtin'" her. Miss Marcia would not listen to a word on the subject at first, but as Mr. Piper's visits became more frequent as the days went by, and Mollie never let an opportunity slip to sing his praises and describe the beauties of her admirer, her that lady was at last forced to believe that he really intended asking her to become his wife.

Great was Mollie's amusement at the many little attempts at personal adornment on the part of her aunt. Miss Marcia was in her youth quite pretty, and even now, at forty-five, few women of her age could boast such lively hair, clear eyes and smooth skin. She seemed to be growing young again.

One morning, when Mr. Piper was drawing to a close, when Mr. Piper was called to the city on business. During his absence Jack Morris came, and proceeded to spend much of his time with his fair betrothed. He was duly enlightened concerning Mr. Piper, and, together with Mollie, pictured with great relish that gentleman's chagrin when he learned of their engagement.

After a week's absence, Mr. Piper returned, and proved the truth of the old saying that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," by realizing himself more desperately in love than when he left. He arose the morning following his arrival home, after spending a rest-less night considering the case, fully determined on asking Mollie to marry him, and while in this frame of mind expressed himself as at the beginning of this story.

After breakfast, he took a walk in his garden, and seeing Mollie on the lawn called out:

"Miss Mollie, please tell your aunt that I am coming over, this afternoon, to see her on important business."

As they talked to her neighborly fashion over the garden fence, that separated the respective domains, telling him of Mollie, and how proud she was of her.

Thus things went on until the last year of Mollie's stay at school drew to a close. One morning in June, Mr. Piper crossed his garden and presented himself at Miss Parmelee's side door with a basket of very fine strawberries. It was opened by the usually serene spinster herself, to all appearances in a state of great excitement, while from the glimpse he obtained of the interior of the cottage he concluded that a revolution of some sort was going on. After receiving the berries and thanking him for them, she said:

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Here Mr. Piper paused, but receiving no reply, went on.

"To tell you the truth, Miss Marcia, I am in love, and I came over this afternoon to ask you if you can give me any hope that my love is returned. You ought to be able to tell me."

This speech had the effect of confirming Miss Marcia's belief that Mr. Piper wanted her, and no one else, and with a blush that made her look ten years younger, she exclaimed:

"Why, really, Mr. Piper, this is a surprise. I had no idea you cared for me except as a friend. I don't know what to say except to tell you that I value your regard very highly, and that I return your affection."

Mr. Piper's face during this speech was a study. He turned red, white, and finally red again, as he grasped the meaning of her words and realized the justice to his state of mind. He inwardly cursed himself for his stupidity in not speaking more plainly, and making a desperate effort to explain, the poor man gasped out:

"I really am very much obliged to you for your kindness. I can't thank you enough for your preference. But—"

"O, never mind!" interrupted she, pitying his embarrassment, and bent on relieving his confusion. "Don't thank me. I'm sure you are very kind to want an old maid like me, when there are so many younger ones. How surprised Mollie will be! She will be glad, too, I know, dear child, that she won't leave me alone when she is married."

"Married!" he almost shouted in his surprise. "Is she going to be married?"

"Yes; it is not generally known, but she is engaged to Judge Morris' son, and they are to be married in a year. I don't wonder you are surprised. She seems such a child."

Mr. Piper's heart went down into his boots. He was silent a moment, but during that time he did a great deal of thinking. He realized that Mollie was lost to him forever, even if he explained matters to Miss Marcia, and got from of his present entanglement. With that thought in his mind it did not seem of much importance what became of him, and being too much of a gentleman to inflict humiliation upon one whom he respected as much as he did Miss Marcia, he resolved to let things stand as they were, and make the best of it; so he gallantly took her hand and kissed it, saying:

"Then you will marry me? When shall I be lucky day, please?"

At this juncture the two arch plotters at the window could contain themselves no longer, and they hastily retreated to the other side of the lawn, where Mollie gave vent to her surprise by a succession of "Did you ever!" while Jack rolled on the grass, overcome with laughter at the sight of Mollie's bewildered face over the unexpected denouement of her scheme.

"So, Miss Marcia, where's your elderly lover now? Making love to the young lady, eh? But what you were at the attraction, after all. You say as well give him up and content yourself with your humble servant. Sorry for your disappointment," said Jack.

By this time Mollie began to see the ludicrous side of the affair, and, giving way, laughed till she cried. When at last she was able to speak composedly, she said:

"I never was so surprised in my life. To think it should turn out so. It saves me right, I, and not auntie, and she says to be married, as I'm married, though, for Mr. Piper will make her such a splendid husband!"

Two months later there was a quiet wedding at the cottage, and Miss Marcia and Mr. Piper were made one. During the weeks preceding the event Mr. Piper became first reconciled, then satisfied, and finally happy over his prospects for the future. Miss Marcia grew younger and prettier every day, and was so kind, sensible, and in every way suited to him that he never regretted the blunder which gave him such a good wife.

Afghan and Biloch.

In all respects, particularly from a governing aspect, the Biloch is infinitely to be preferred to the Afghan. Though physically inferior in bulk and weight of body, he is the Afghan's equal in courage, and his superior in endurance and intelligence. One especially good trait in his character is that he never sulks or becomes morose, whereas the Afghan does both. His are illustrations in point. I never remember having an Afghan whipped in jail without the fellow showing by his sullen looks and scowling face that he bore the stripes, if not myself, a grudge for it. But here, in the Dera Ghazi Khan Jail, the punishment over, the Biloch is as frank and pleasant as he was before. One man, I remember, was in as a convict and character would not work. He was warned that he would be whipped. He merely laughed, and said: "That won't make any difference, sahib." He was shown a man being whipped; he only looked grave. Finally he was whipped himself. He was taken out of his cell, stripped naked, tied wrists and ankles to the triangle, and given twenty or thirty—I forget the exact number—strokes with a catan. During the operation he bit at the wood, bit almost through his tongue, but never groaned or winced. The punishment over, he threw himself on the ground on his face, when the usual skin of cold water was dashed over him, and then the commissary water-carrier stood upon the beaten parts to deaden the pain. Still he would not work. I saw him a day or two after in his cell, looking happy and unconcerned, though he must still have been very sore, and for days would not be able to sit down. He was pleased to see me. He seemed to have an idea that not being in jail for any specific and proved offense, it was not right to give him hard labor, and so put him on the level of a convicted felon. I remonstrated with him for his obstinacy, to no effect. One day I observed his splendid curls shining with oil or ghee. I asked how he had got it. He had shaved his head, still no effect. At last, as his example was becoming infectious, I warned him that if he would not work I should have him transferred to the Multan Jail, where I believe his Ab-salom-like hair would be cut short. That threat frightened him—his rings, let's being the glory of the Biloch; he said he would try to work. He made a pretense of trying, and failing, was sent off to Multan, where I have no doubt he is now, well pre-occupied, as smiling and light-hearted and doing nothing as he was here. Now, it is not the Afghan nature to behave as that Biloch did, and that Biloch's case is typical of others. Similarly circumstanced, the Afghan would have sulked, worked, fallen ill from fretting, and some day after his release, perhaps, killed the human instrument who had beaten him.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Hard Lumps in Breast.

Dr. R. V. Pinckney, Buffalo, N. Y.: "Dear Sir—I wrote you some time ago that I thought I had a cancer. There was a large lump in my breast as large as a walnut, and had been there four months. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' 'Favorite Prescription,' and 'Pellets' in June, and the lump is gone."

Yours gratefully, Mrs. R. R. Clark, Irvington, Mich.

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